The Lesson Of The Flickering Spirit

All motion pictures are horror movies.

This designation only applies in this context to films using camera captured footage.

Every movie has a cast of walking dead people.

The earliest, like those available for viewing that are out of copyright on the Internet Archive, were produced by an entire cast and crew that are now deceased.

As of the moment of this writing, practical immortality for the constituents of humankind is not for sale in department stores or exclusive boutiques.

Every photographic image featuring a person represents an image of one either no longer living or rapidly expiring.

If they aren't dead yet, they will be. Blink your eyes and they will be gone.

Time alive is the only thing of value.

There can be no costlier grievance incurred from the actions of another than having your time spent in a manner incongruent with your explicit intentions.

A reminder - more of an explanation for what is already inevitable - for those who believe in an afterlife with judgement involved regarding one's place therein.

Those moving pictures accurately portray the well-spent intentions of those involved.

If your entire life was captured in such a fashion, your place in a heaven would be assured.

If your lifetime was used entirely for the telling of your story by you, divinity has been achieved.

Otherwise, you are the exclusive author of your own place in a hell of your own design.

Eternity is approaching with continuous metronomic cadence.

Life is screaming horror, and films are horror documentaries.

If there is ever to be justice, all wasters of life and time are to be held accountable, sentenced to restitution for their crimes.

Refusal of a system to do so marks it as unholy.

This righteous judgement includes all who are participants - no one has an excused passive role.

You have been made aware of this, and so, there are no possible arguments acceptable for acquittal before a supernatural tribunal - a jury incapable of being bribed.

I will not see you after we are dead.

That is assured.

I now return you to my favorite show, already in progress:

All These People Are Dead